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VOL. XXIX.

NO. I.

THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE,

CONDUCTED

BY THE

STUDENTS OF YALE COLLEGE.



"Dum mens grata manet, nomen laudisque YALENSE
Cantabunt SOBOLES, unaninique PATRES."

OCTOBER, 1863.

NEW HAVEN:

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THE
YALE LITERARY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXIX.

OCTOBER, 1863.

No. I.

EDITORS FOR THE CLASS OF '64.

M. C. D. BORDEN,

L. GREGORY,

S. C. DARLING,

G. S. MERRIAM,

A. D. MILLER.

The Yale Literary Magazine.

As our Magazine, more venerable than ourselves and yet new born to-day, is once more "renewing its youth," and is once more making its solicitous bow to the College world—necessitating a fresh subscription from the buyer and a fresh cover from the binder—it will perhaps be neither inappropriate or uninteresting to jot down a few facts relative to its past history, and a few thoughts which these facts and our own convictions suggest concerning its present condition and prospects. The origin of the Lit., fortunately or unfortunately for the antiquarian enthusiast of prospecting ages, is not "involved in impenetrable obscurity." Not merely the natal day of our precious legacy, on which from the school of preparation it ventured boldly into the light of public criticism, will be transmitted to an appreciative posterity, but the very names of its originators, which, with thoughtful generosity, they have left us, together with the prospectus of this glorious enterprise, will, doubt it not, "go down time together." These illustrious ones, whose memory grateful generations of Yalensians ought not willingly to let die, were Messrs. E. O. Carter, F. A. Coe, W. M. Evarts, C. S. Lyman and W. S. Scarborough, all of the Class of 1837.

The first No. of the Magazine appeared in February, 1836, the herald alike of a new year in the College Calendar and a new era in Col-

VOL. XXIX.

1

lege Literature. With noble abnegation of self and devotion to the cause, the five pioneers of progress were not content to see their charge safely through the first breakers of adversity, but, until prosperity seemed no longer problematical, but sure, and until they themselves were forced to resign the honors and responsibilities of undergraduates, they stood magnanimously at their post, and, at length, having paid their votive offerings, in the shape of Vol. 1st, to the "tuneful nine," adding, as was meet, three propitiatory gifts to the "sisters three of destiny," they consigned to their successors, as a success, that which they themselves had commenced as an experiment. The *spirit* which animated the founders of the Lit., as seen in their few professions, and better in their productions, seems truly admirable. And first, the correct appreciation which they exhibit of the desirability of such a Magazine, and of the proper sphere which it should occupy in the College world, was in itself a sufficient guarantee of the vigor which was to characterize its youth, and of the longevity which was to attend it. The following constitutes its unassuming Prospectus: "An *apology* for establishing a Literary Magazine in an Institution like Yale College, can hardly be deemed requisite by an enlightened public; yet a statement of the objects which are proposed in this periodical, may not be out of place.

"To foster a literary spirit, and to furnish a medium for its exercise; to rescue from utter waste the many thoughts and musings of a student's leisure hours, and to afford some opportunity to train ourselves for the strife and collision of mind which we must expect in after life,—such and similar motives have urged us to this undertaking. So long as we confine ourselves to these simple objects, and do not forget the modesty becoming our years and station, we confidently hope for the approbation and support of all who wish well to this Institution."

A model Prospectus, indeed, aside from its intrinsic worth: so wonderfully, as a College production, is it characterized by brevity, candor, perspicuity, and—modesty. And, indeed, all the communications between the editors and their readers, in the earlier days of the Magazine, seem beautifully characterized by these estimable qualities. One thought, by the by, in connection with the quality of *modesty*, must suggest itself to all who have made the history of preceding College Literary Magazines the subject of the slightest investigation; which is, the refreshingly original omission, in the first appearance of the Lit., of any nervous conjecturings concerning the future notoriety of "Dear Maga," or the literary immortality of its god-fathers. In con-

tradistinction from this delightful characteristic, let me quote an extract from the first number of the first of *Lits*, and indeed of all College periodicals, the *Literary Cabinet* of Nov. 15th, 1806. Say these zealous supplicants for undying fame :—"The *Literary Cabinet*, it is probable, will exist for many years to come, and future students will zealously contend for the honor of contributing to its pages. The papers which we publish will doubtless be searched into many ages hence by our successors, who may want them for the purpose of guides or beacons on their course." And then it adds, as if apologetically for this amusing bit of defiant prophecy, "It is feared by some that the *Literary Cabinet* is the offspring of an hour, and will perish with the other ephemerals of the day. Disgraceful would it be to this College, should such be its fate." With perfect recklessness, however, did the College incur this disgrace, in October, 1807. So also, up through the list of abortive *Lits*, all of which evince more or less of this itching for posthumous fame, we come to the *Medley*, born March, 1833; died after three effusions. "Never, ah, never shall the sorrowful task be assigned to us of inscribing upon its (the *Medley's*) tomb, the mournful epitaph, "The *Medley* was, but is no more." Alas! after three sickly struggles for existence, the suggested epitaph of its editors was quite appropriate. Wisely then did the *Lit.* refrain from meddling with what lay behind the veil of futurity, and modestly marking out her sphere of effort, and earnestly endeavoring to fill it was she content to leave her name and fame in the hands of an appreciative posterity.

Again, the articles in the first volume of the *Lit.* are of no mean order of merit, either in thought or style. Indeed, the *Lit.* is hardly an exception to the general maxim, that Periodicals, unlike most other creations, soar highest when first fledged. There are, indeed, I venture to say, in it two or three Papers which, if published now, anonymously, in these pages, would create no little furor of interest and curiosity. For example, there are a series of piquant articles, purporting to emanate from the "Coffee Club," for whose authorship, to my mind at least, the Country Parson might, with complacence, hold himself responsible. The "Omnibus," too, and "Hora Odontalgica," are two as original and witty things as Collegians are often culpable of. And, more especially, the half dozen Papers on Greek Anthology, seem the product of no small amount of scholarly research, as well as of rhetorical taste, and altogether, were as diverting and interesting reading as I had perused for many a day. But we must not stop to particularize. A leisure hour spent with volume 1st, the *title*

page, in more senses than one, of the Lit's history, was, to me at least, an hour of real enjoyment, and I confess that I experienced, at its close, a feeling of mingled pride and satisfaction, that the Lit. began its career under such bright auspices—in the hands of such sensible, able, and faithful men. If I were to describe, in a word, the quality displayed most noticeably, in the early conduct of the Magazine, it would be that of *practical wisdom*. The modest, yet by no means distrustful manner in which the Editors presented their handiwork to the College World, the reserve and almost reticence which they ever preserved with regard to the Magazine and themselves, while it was yet *an idea*, and the uniformly judicious selection and graceful handling of the subjects which first appeared in its pages, all marked them as men who knew *how to do well* what they had undertaken. Before leaving them and their memorial, Volume First, I cannot forbear making a single extract from their Valedictory—"too good to be kept" in dust-covered bindings, and so true that I almost wish it could be placed as our platform, beneath the good old Governor, on the title page. "The office of the Editors is no sinecure. How much soever matter contributors may furnish, and however few pages they may reserve for themselves, still, upon their energy and their devotion to its interests, the tone and spirit of the Magazine will mainly depend. Relying on so fickle, procrastinating, and irresponsible a set of beings as students proverbially are, exigencies are constantly recurring, which they must be able promptly to meet. Add to this the labors, the annoyances of delinquent subscribers, the vexations of the Press, and the interruptions of private occupations, and the life of an Editor is not all 'a gilded show.' The apathy and indolence of many of those who are best able to render the Magazine entertaining and useful, and the persecutions of those who have none of these gifts, are two things most trying to an Editor's temper. To incite the former and to avoid the latter, without giving offense, in this consists all art. Our opinion of the advantages resulting to the Institution from such a publication has undergone no change. So long as its proper sphere and province are well observed—so long as it is sustained with unanimity and vigor, it will be an honor to our community; but should it ever be allowed to transgress the modesty which our years and station enjoin, its beauty and utility are at once destroyed." Sound words, say we, though they have the smack of antiquity.

That the Lit. has, throughout succeeding years, uniformly appreciated its province, or filled it with uniform ability, it were idle to affirm. But that there has never been a decided diminution of literary talent

and enthusiasm, without a corresponding and almost immediate reaction, I am quite confident; and that there have been subsequent enlargements of its sphere of usefulness, which even its founders would ratify, if called on to do so, I am none the less sure. To name the more marked of these innovations, in their order of precedence, may not be out of place.

With the first No. of the Second Volume began a decided improvement, in the shape of the "Epilegomena," partaking a little of the character of our Memorabilia, but more after the rollicking style of the Editor's Table; and furnishing, for the first time, an editorial, on each appearance of the Magazine. In this new department of the Lit., the "we" of periodical literature could wield at will the pen critical, satirical or jocose, and, with perfect immunity from individual responsibility, they could bepraise their friends, belittle their enemies, or be simply funny, for their own gratification and the public's amusement. I can discover, however, but little advantage, which was taken of this privilege, and in the latter subdivision, grieve to say that achievement was not always commensurate with endeavor. This department appears to have continued through upwards of four volumes, until, in Aug., 1841, the Editor's Table proper appeared, which immediately superseded it, and in its main features resembled the antiquated, jovial old "Table," now the property of the Board. It included, however, at its introduction, the notices to Correspondents and Contributors—a department from which, I believe, it is now distinct, at least at every occasional appearance of these individuals in these pages. The order of Commencement Exercises, too, it may be well to know, appeared, for the first time, in the Editor's Table of the August No., 1844, at which time, also, the five Townsend Essays, with a copy of the instrument containing the grant, were inserted; in July, also, of the next year followed the Sophomore and Freshmen Prizes, of various designations and denominations; and finally, in May, 1851, appeared the most important innovation, and, we may safely say improvement, which has yet characterized the Lit. I refer to the introduction of the Memorabilia Yalensia—the design of Prof. D. C. Gilman—and a department which has been, since its inception, second to none, if not preëminent in the conduct of the Magazine. In this May No., too, under the head of Memorabilia, appeared, for the first time, descriptive notices of the Spoon and Junior Exhibition. Apropos of the Spoon, a bit of information in connection with the Lit. will, probably, be new to most of us. From the time of the first Spoon Exhibition, and for a considerable period subsequently, the initiatory proceeding in the

matter was, that at the beginning of second term Junior, the Editors of the Lit. selected some individual from the aforesaid class, who, "with such other persons as he might see fit to choose," brought the matter before the Class; at which time three men were chosen from each division, (himself, I conjecture, among them,) as the Spoon Committee, and then, at the call of this Committee, the non-appointment men, the *Cochlelaureati*, chose the Knight of the Wooden Spoon. But to return. Hardly second to the Memorabilia, as instrumental in enhancing the value of the Lit. to students, and second to no College honor in its design to increase among us the spirit of true literary enthusiasm, is the YALE LITERARY PRIZE MEDAL, offered for the first time in Aug, 1850, and awarded in the following December. A list of the fortunate recipients of this Prize is, up to the present time, as follows. In the year

1850, Joseph Sheldon,	1857, John H. Ward,
1851, Andrew D. White,	1858, Luther M. Jones,
1852, William C. Flagg,	1859, Clarence E. Dutton,
1853, Isaac E. Clarke,	1860, Henry Holt,
1854, Charles R. Palmer,	1861, Daniel H. Chamberlain,
1855, John M. Holmes,	1862, George S. Hamlin.
1856, Augustus H. Strong,	

But one or two other items of interest, and they of a minor character, occur, in a somewhat hasty retrospective glance over the volumes of our Magazine. One fact, however, seemed rather surprising, that the contributors to these pages could have so long and so well restrained the universal desire of the literary portion of humanity to be *known*, as well as *read* of men, that it was not until December, 1852, that the Editor's names were placed on the first leaf of the Magazine, or that aught beside a single initial was afforded as a clue to the authorship of the most absorbing article. It may be of some interest also to know, that the Board has, of yore, not overlooked melody and versification, in its devotion to force and beauty of thought, and felicity of expression. We find in the issue for November, 1855, the generous premium of five dollars, offered for the best College song—with the admonition that the tune, as well as the intrinsic merit of the song, would be taken into consideration. We look, moreover, in vain through succeeding numbers, for the name of the successful "child of song and story," who was at once the most poetic and the most melodious of his peers; though we find, after diligent investigation, a mere allusion to the matter, in a very funny Table three months later, wherein it is stated, that the Prize will not be awarded, "partly be-

cause the Editors cannot decide between the various contestants ;" but principally because none of the competitors had thoughtfully enclosed in their productions a V, an article which they unwittingly supposed was to emanate from the Editor's pockets !

Some of the subjects, too, which have appeared *lang syne* in these Papers, are quite novel, and some border quite closely on the ludicrous. Take a selection culled at hap-hazard from one of the back volumes :—" A Batch of Plain Thoughts about College Honors, The Londoner in an American Forest, College Fun in 1777, Commencement in 1768, A Spiritual Confab, Guneology, Magnalia Pedestria, The Pickled Ghost, Utility of Oaths, Amourette of an Atrabilious Bachelor."

The *men*, also, who, in by-gone years have contributed to, sustained, and conducted this Magazine, certainly include in their number some of the noblest sons of Yalensia. The Board, surely, need not blush to have *qualified*, by the abundant educational privileges it throws around talented and ambitious youth, such men as Evarts, for the lofty realm of Statesmanship, Ik Marvel, for the gentler walks of Literature, and Finch, for the flowery meads of Poesy. No, indeed ! In short, and in sober earnestness, the past history of the Lit. furnishes ample grounds to our Alma Mater and ourselves for the highest congratulation. Take it before any competent tribunal, and in comparison with all other College Magazines, probe its relative merits on the score of literary ability, or of the general response to the proper demands of the student, and I wager you the decision will be in its favor, as the " oldest and the best ;" and thus much I say in no spirit, I trust, of pretentious complacency, but as a simple tribute of justice to those who have gone before us.

The simple fact that articles have repeatedly been rejected by the Lit., as of no special interest to the College at large, which subsequently were accepted by other periodicals, and received National circulation, is, of itself, conclusive evidence that its position in the world of Letters has been one of decided independence, and by no means insignificant. Surely, " the past, at least, is secure ;" who but us can guarantee the future ?

A word now concerning the Lit's present condition and prsspects. As regards its condition, our Magazine, aside from the literary merits or demerits of the articles with which you are to be favored, stands to-day precisely where our predecessors, in their wisdom or their folly, have left it. We, as dutiful conservatives, intend to alter neither its field of usefulness, nor the general tone of its articles ; but, accepting

our position from you with thanks, and our trust from them, with deference to their superior sagacity, we shall continue, in Editing this Magazine, to preserve whatever peculiarities of character, arrangement, and typography we found as its existing characteristics. Your accolade *macte virtute*, bestowed on our determination, would be truly acceptable; but should it not be forthcoming, can, fortunately, be dispensed with. For, with cash, brains, and the *Printer* at our beck, gentlemen, we can (heaven forfend the necessity!) proudly set you at defiance. Take kindly to yourselves a precautionary admonition, given in the very first Editorial production of your Magazine. "We are your servants, but *we will not bear your dictation*. But as we are modest, these things shall all remain in oblivion."

The theory and primary object of the Lit., if we read aright the twenty-eight volumes before us, is simply to picture, fully and faithfully, College-life—to express the feelings and hopes which bind together five hundred men in a common bond of brotherhood—to tell you, briefly, how our little world moves on, and, by affording a field for the interchange of thought, to cherish in us all a warm solicitude for the best welfare of the College and ourselves. Such is its surely unpretentious aim, and such it is in distinction from all other periodicals of the world outside. We aspire not with Blackwood, the Edinburgh, or a host of imitators, to delight or astound you, periodically, with profound disquisitions on agitated questions in science, literature, and the arts—with tales of thrilling interest, or with essays of matchless grace; but we aim to interest you in themes which, if you are acting your part aright here, you cannot fail to be interested in—subjects pertaining to our rights, our interests, our progress.

We aim, moreover, to give you a succinct and unprejudiced account of current events, as they pass us; to inform you all of facts and occurrences, which it may be of some interest to you now to know, and, perchance, *years hence to remember*. We shall endeavor, moreover, so far as in us lies, not to lose sight of the fact, that our Magazine is *literary* in its name, and should be so in its character. We ask you for the thousand and-first time, to help us make it so; and if, unexpectedly to us, you take this last offer, be sure your aid come in the right direction. Let sincerity be paramount in your productions to profundity, and, indeed, to every other characteristic. Don't palm off division-room selections, that are as good and true as Tract Society publications, and almost as insipid. There is, if you will believe us, an inspiration in writing for the Lit., which you are apt to miss in getting up an exhibitional essay for a Tutor's moral satisfaction, and your own

remuneration. Write, in short, upon anything under heaven's canopy, which you are *conscious of feeling intensely about*, and, ten to one, it will be accepted. Let us have Volume XXIXth, at least an *earnest* one. As for ourselves, in this respect, we modestly make no promises. They are sold too cheap, and prove too often worthless. But whatsoever the year and our own ingenuity may bring forth for your gratification, we certainly cannot, at the close of our labors, award ourselves a higher, and, in one respect at least, a truer valedictory than,

"That which we felt, we wrote ;
As we think so have we argued,
Reaping for our pains no visible recompense."

This last suggestive line of Wordsworth's naturally leads me to say one final word on our prospects—not literary, but as regards a pretense at least toward our future emolument. Kind, appreciative, sympathizing readers, they rest entirely with you. May the issue prove your adequate realization of the fact. Your simple duty (need I tell you of it) is individually to give us *two dollars*. You are not asked to read prosy articles, and you are importuned not to write them. Nor are you urged to subscribe, if you can enter the slightest plea of inability. But when you have once subscribed, you are asked as gentlemen, as men, to come forward and make good your promise. Precedent would seem to indicate that we are about to make the acquaintance of a number, whom we have heretofore regarded as honorable fellows enough, but are now about to treat us shabbily. We appeal to you, gentlemen, earnestly and deprecatingly. Aside from all higher codes of honor, (if such there be,) in the code of College morals, by which, while here, you stand or fall, one who cheats towns-people, is bad enough, but is not, candidly, one who cheats his fellow-students, infinitely more culpable?

To the entire College World we genuflect most obsequiously. Your sympathy, your patronage, and your pieces, are all that we humbly beg of you. Out of your unquestionable abundance, gentlemen, pray bestow a small share of your liberality upon *your Magazine* and *our errors*.

A. D. M.

A Plea for the Foot-Ball.

[The following article, by the late Major E. F. BLAKE, of the Board of '58, was kindly presented to us for publication, by his brother, Mr. James P. Blake, of '62. Aside from the intrinsic merit of the piece, we doubt not our readers will be gratified in perusing the production of so noble-hearted a son of Yale. The memory of Major Blake is still precious in our College world. His enthusiastic devotion, not merely to out-door sports, but to all the best interests of College life, has endeared him to us who come after him, and has linked his name inseparably with our highest conceptions of true manliness.—EDS.]

IT is one of those mutations of fortune often seen by us, short-lived as we are, that the foot-ball, in times gone by numbering its followers by hundreds, and leading them in wild enthusiasm wherever it leaped in its mad career,—now lies humbly at our feet, and pleads for notice. But though it thus appears as a supplicant, it has strong claims upon us. To it many of us are indebted for our health and strength; for years ago it turned the feet of our fathers into its path, and helped to build the manly forms of those days, needing no such grasshopper gymnastics as we spindling moderns have instituted. 'But why urge these claims, when we have such a fine Gymnasium?' We answer—

The Gymnasium should be a training place for out-of-door life, not a substitute for it. He who goes to the Gymnasium to get up muscle for a boat-race, or to strengthen his chest so that he can speak, or his arms so that he can box, or his legs so that he can take long walks, makes a proper use of it; but he who goes there for exercise, just as to the boarding-house for his meals, makes a great mistake. It may be in some cases a necessity to make exercise a fixed and periodical *duty*, but it is a bad plan, to be avoided if possible. Take it when you feel like it,—when in your study you want to lean back and stretch,—not at an appointed time, when to-day you may feel tired and out of sorts, and to-morrow can hardly spare the time, but go merely from a sense of duty. Exercise taken in such a frame of mind is worth nothing. It soon degenerates into drudgery, and drudgery *stunts*, not strengthens. The Gymnasium is like a hospital; you may regain your health there, but will never preserve it. When you have strength, go out of doors and enjoy it; don't stay here among these

stiff sticks and dead weights.* Such drudgery will soon be neglected, and at last discarded in disgust, and then come indolence, doctors, pills and potions. Or if you are emulous of the athletes, and try to spice your daily dose of exercise with rivalry, the chances are that some day your "vaulting ambition will o'erleap itself," and come down upon a cripple's couch, amid surgeons and splints and ligatures.

At best, one gains but little *serviceable* strength in the Gymnasium. There every thing is made so convenient that the great lesson of knack is never learned. Let one of these weight-pulling giants be asked to remove a lady who has fainted and fallen. In vain he tries, now one way, now another, to "get a purchase" on her inanimate form. Vexed and embarrassed, he would fain say, "Madam, if you were shaped liked any other dumb belle, I could seize you by the waist, and put you up with one hand; or if you were tied to a rope, and swung over a pulley, I could raise you a thousand times, but 'thou comest in such a questionable shape,' that I don't know how to dispose of you. You are a problem." Perhaps in his desperate mortification, he hazards a precarious gripe, and staggers on a few steps till there comes a crash,—a shriek from the bystanders who run to help,—and a vista of coat-tails, as Hercules disappears around the nearest corner, without stopping to pick up his hat. Or get this gymnast to tramp into the woods with you in vacation, (wretched time of exile for the lover of bars and ladders!) and you will soon find his training at fault. Is it required to climb a tree? Put the branches equal distances apart, whittle them round, and sandpaper them smooth, and he will do it. To swim a stream? They don't do that in the Gymnasium. To jump a ditch? Give him a spring-board. To leap down a precipice? But a mattress at the foot.

A day in the woods,—the great gymnasium of Nature,—with its noble trees and velvet turf, long, smooth roads, and clear, blue sky, is worth a hundred among the whitewashed beams and stubbed pegs, the bedraggled mattresses, and the stunted race-track of your artificial building. But students cannot get a day in the woods; only twice a week do they have even half a day. *Their* exercise must be condensed, thorough, and brief; for they are forced to glean it from the chinks and crannies between recitations, meals, lectures, prayers, and study hours.

* In thus speaking of the Gymnasium, we do not include the bowling alleys. There is a *game*, and that we urge. The alleys are practically worth more to the College than all the rest of the Gymnasium, for they are *used* more and *enjoyed* more. All honor to the wisdom of him who proposed them.

Here, then, there is a peculiar need of *out-door games*, by their heartiness concentrating a great deal of exercise into a short time, and by their genuine *fun*, recreating and enlivening mind as well as body. The words *game*, play, sport, in their derivation as well as meaning, all involve the idea of joy and pleasure. *Game* is from *γαίω* to begay, and a *scientific game* is a paradox, against which we protest. As science enters the door, fun flies out at the window. You doubt it? We know a loving couple who were obliged to give up chess, simply because they grew so scientific and so cross.

In the first place, science draws out the-more-the-merrier principle, the life blood of all sport. It cuts down the participants to the privileged few who are skilled, and excludes all others as worse than useless. Again, it renders the game impossible or absurd except when by lucky chance or through dread of fines, the right number of the right kind of men have assembled. How often one hears it said, "one green hand will spoil the game!" And, finally, it creates a narrow-minded prejudice in favor of the game in which one chances to be skilled, tending strongly to confine him to that alone, and excluding that cosmopolitan knock-about-iveness which gives health and spirits.

Perhaps, however, you don't object to scientific games. Come out, then, and play a game of base ball with our club, this October afternoon. As we walk through the city, it seems quite warm and pleasant, but we soon get out on the fields, and there a chilly wind blows up fresh and strong. We reach the grounds. You must take off your coat. You consent, thinking the exercise, perhaps, will keep you warm. *Perhaps* it will. *Perhaps* it will not. The men are stationed in the field, standing well apart, like so many uniformed sentinels. You are chosen, sent out in the field, and told to play up well, for the game runs close. And so you watch. Three men seem to be playing the game by themselves. The ball passes from pitcher to catcher, and back from catcher to pitcher, while between them the striker stands motionless. To the right of the striker, the other side sit in a row on camp chairs, half a dozen heads wagging from side to side in exact time with the ball. Near you, in the field, stands an enthusiastic fellow who informs you that base-ball is the greatest game out of jail, but as you are not permitted to converse, you are left to work out the truth of the remark by your own experience. Whew! It's cold work standing still here in this chilly wind. When is that fellow going to strike? You blow your hands, thrust them into your pockets to warm, and long for one of those thick overcoats lying on the ground about the umpire. Still that ball flies back and forth,—still those solemn heads

wag, now this way, now that. You feel sleepy. It's getting monotonous,—you stretch and yawn. You pick up a small stone and shy it at the flag. There comes an Irish funeral. What a lot of carriages! Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twen—a sudden yell from all parts of the field,—you turn, a terrific blow in the face lays you flat. Stunned and blinded you stagger to your feet. "*First base! HOME! Foul! Pitcher! First base, quick! Third base! Home! Home! What yerbout, quick! quick! pass her up! Second base!*" With the aid of the *other* eye, you grope about, seize the ball and hurl it wildly toward the noise. A *baa*, as if from the sheep on a thousand hills, greets this exploit, and you begin to feel mortified in the spirit as well as in the flesh. And now that inning is over. Your side is in. Your turn will not come for some time, so you locate yourself humbly by the water-pail, bathe your blackened eye and bleeding nose, asking no sympathy and getting none. Your turn comes. "Play sharp now! You're the last man." You take your position with the bat in hand. All eyes are upon you. The ball whizzes toward you, you poke out the club but fail to touch it. "*One strike!*" shouts the umpire. He needn't have said that so loud. "*Be careful,*" mutters your captain. Again the ball comes like lightning, again that umpire roars (confound him.) "*Two strikes.*" Another wild attempt, another failure. "Why in thunder did you strike at that, it was half a mile high," remonstrates the captain. Six sighs come from the six camp-stools. This time you aim to be scientific, so you rest your bat on the base, and standing off half-bent down as you have seen cricketers in pictures, keep your eyes fixed sternly on the pitcher, not deigning to notice the ball as it flies past. This does well enough for a time and encourages your side. But in time, the field suggests that you strike, by way of variety. The attempt is made, the ball is hit, you drop the club and start for the first base. "*Stop! foul! stop him! go back! run! FOUL! run! quick! First base!*" You hesitate, the ball flies into the hands of the keeper of the first base, the umpire shouts (*hang* that umpire!) "*all out!*" and a sullen groan issues from the camp-chairs. A council of war gathers about the captain. You overhear "he'll ruin our side," "musn't be in the field," "spoiling the game," &c. Then the captain announces to you that he thinks you will do better on the second base. Content to go anywhere in your battered condition, you post yourself on the second base. The game progresses well. Man after man whirls past you on his way to the third base, and you have only to step aside as he comes. But now a crisis arrives. There is a man on the first base. The ball

has been knocked but a short distance. The man starts for your base. Which will reach you first—the ball or the man? is the question, you *must* catch the ball when it comes. You plant yourself firmly on the wooden stump to which the base-bag is fastened, and breathless, with outstretched arms, eyes and nostrils dilated, stand ready for the ball. He is close upon you. The ball comes hissing. Both strike at the same time, down go both men, the ball goes bounding on amid the execrations of your side. More dead than alive you extricate yourself, crawl aside and take an inventory of your bones. Your boot has three small ragged holes in the top, made by the half-inch iron prongs on the shoe of your antagonist, as he leaped upon the base driving them through with crushing weight upon your unsuspecting foot which now throbs excruciatingly within. You meditate pulling off the boot to examine the extent of the injury, but not being exactly certain how much of the foot will be carried away by the operation, you wisely decide to let it remain on. What a queer looking hand! One finger is very large, puffy, black and stiff. *How* it aches! The next finger is all right with the trifling exception that the top joint stands backward at right angles to the rest. A split and jagged finger-nail from which the blood is issuing freely, completes the catalogue.

"Hallo there, where are you going?"

"Going home."

An out-door game for students then, ought not to be *scientific*, neither ought it to be one which requires much apparatus,—like wicket for example, for this is always getting lost or out of order when most wanted, and besides takes too much time to arrange before the game. Boxing is good but exclusive. Boating is good but expensive, and requires a system too cumbrous to set in motion quickly or easily, especially at Yale, where water is distant over a mile from the Colleges.

In contrast with these demerits, in seeking for the best game possible, we want one which is *hearty*,—with plenty of enthusiasm as well as exercise; comparatively *uniform*,—with no sudden transitions from idleness to hard work; *promiscuous*,—commenced and left off by any one at any time without causing confusion; *self-sustaining*,—needing no organization with officers and taxes to perpetuate it; and *facile*,—easily and quickly started, continued to the last available minute, and then as readily left off.

Such a game is Foot-ball, for it is unscientific, requires little apparatus, is not exclusive nor expensive, is hearty, uniform, facile, easily begun or left off, and self-sustaining. It is capable of becoming again what it has formerly been at Yale—the vitalizing center of all other

sports and recreations,—the tournament of Hygiene, from whose fair hands the champions win better than golden trophies,—the arena of all the chivalries, energies and fortitudes which are the peculiar glory and duty of manhood. Oh that we could bring back those joyous days of Auld Lang Syne, when students after every recitation would rush over to the green and light up the glow of health and vigor in every nerve and fibre by a half-hour of this glorious sport! There were giants in those days,—none of your modern gymnastic imitators of Antaeus, whose strength fails if they touch not the ground,—but giants who could cant a ball from the South fence of the Green half way up the State-House steps, who could jump clean over the heads of one who sought to intercept their course, or could force their way single-handed through a swarming and struggling mass of two hundred men, bearing the ball in triumph to its goal.

And the very promiscuousness of it, was one of its best points as a College game. In the excitement and hurry, Seniors lost for a time their lofty dignity, and Juniors forgot that they were “got up regardless,” while Freshmen in the desperate audacity of combat failed to recognize the awful sanctity which attaches to the person of a Sophomore. No need of an introduction to that upper-class man with whom in the face and eyes of half college, clutched in mortal gripe you have rolled a rod over the turf in a determined struggle for the ball. No inquiry after that big Freshman’s card who has left the livid impress of his hob-nailed boot-heel on your tender calf. And none of that shy dodging of each other among “gentlemen who have recently entered college” that one sees now-a-days. Then you could see them in little groups as early as the second week, feeling each others’ muscles, criticising each others’ ‘points,’ and discussing who should be class captain in the great annual trial game with the Sophomores. It was no honor *then* to be pale-faced short-winded, spindle-shanked, knock-kneed, digs, willing to sell health and manhood for an appointment, but pluck and muscle got the credit they deserve, and the hero of one of those glorious trial games was the idol of his class for many a long day.

I know that in praising those old-time combats I encounter the prejudices of nearly all the mammas in the land, and of not a few papas also; but what are any of us worth if we are not better *men* than our parents think us? There is a prevailing impression that those trial games were dangerous, but who ever heard of any one being permanently injured by them? Tradition hands down nothing worse than a few dislocated joints or broken bones as the result of foot-ball;

while the gymnasium is already responsible for not a few serious and life-long injuries. The game is neither so exciting or exhausting as a boat-race, nor so liable to serious accident; but who objects to races? Nobody just now, their suppression is probably still some distance beyond the advancing "discipline" of to-day. But the logic which forbade the trial game cannot consistently stop till it has shut out every kind of sport but "Odd and even," and "What do you come by?" Be thankful then as you can that you have not yet arrived at that millenium of milk-sops, and instead of anticipating the future, come back ten years with me and play a game of foot-ball on the green.

Off with your coat man, if you don't want it torn. Don't you hear the 'warning'? That is Jones, the best player in the Sophomore class. He steps back, runs forward, and up goes the ball way over the heads of our side. Lucky you were back here by the steps to catch it. Good! well done! Stop! don't kick it; this is Rushing game; give Brown your hat and let him run one way hiding it in his bosom; and while he makes that diversion you run the other. Now then! Run! Never mind those fellows who run out to head you off; dodge them if you can; and if you are caught, hang on to the ball like grim death. "*Hi! Fifty-four! Fifty-five! Stop him! Quick! this way! Hold him! Push! Get the ball!*" But you can no longer distinguish separate sounds. You are now the center of a dense mass of men, shouting, shoving, dragging, struggling, swaying to and fro toward either side of the field. You know that you have one man by the throat who is trying to seize the ball, and in the exultation of conscious power you don't see that he has you by the hair. There is an unsatisfactory sensation in your legs which you afterwards conclude must have been produced by the stamping and kicking of a hundred boot-heels; but you don't mind that, for one of your battered limbs is twined round your adversary's, so that the next move of the crowd must bring him down. Ah! there it goes, but the sway is in the wrong direction, and brings you down under him; and what is worse, under that forest of boots! But the ball! your sacred trust! He lets it go—we are close to the fence—and whistle—away it flies just as some big heel comes crushing against your head. * * * * *

"Do you feel better now?"

"Oh yes! stunned a little, that's all. But the ball, is it over?"

"Over! I should think so. But you must go home now, you are hurt."

"Hurt! I am *not* hurt. I hope you don't think I mind a little blood. Pshaw! come and join the next game."

Charles Kingsley.

I do not propose to *treat* of Kingsley as a poet. I do not intend to *treat* of him at all. Probably I ought to divide him into three parts, as a gentleman recently did who wrote an article on Barnum's hippopotamus. He laid down his three divisions, and then proceeded to *consider* the hippopotamus. If the hippopotamus had been given out as a subject for prize compositions, I should have divided him into three parts also. But I am not going to write a prize composition, and so like the true mother of the child that was carried before Solomon, I shall not cut Kingsley in two. I know, too, that it is the custom of most novel-critics, first to classify all novels, and then to decide to which class the individual novel under consideration belongs. Is such a classification possible? When you have obtained one which will cover all cases within your acquaintance, will not some impertinent personage write a novel that will refuse to come within any of your classifications. You will have to alter your generalization so as to include this new comer. And you will hardly have settled yourself in your chair, before some other impertinent personage will compel you to do your work over. So that your generalization will be like the cathedral of Cologne, which, I believe, has never been finished, being constructed on so grand a scale that one of its towers cannot be completed before the other has crumbled. Then, too, what is the use of them. If I should meet some animal unknown to naturalists, in a tour through Africa, I would bring what I knew of the animal to the pages of Cuvier and Agassiz, find out the class with whose qualities the known qualities of the animal coincided, and then should guess at the unknown qualities of the animal by the other qualities of the class. But a generalization will not help me in the least to understand a novel, because I have got to know everything about it before I can decide to which class it belongs. In Science and Philosophy, when you gather together a certain number of facts and form them into a law, you may deduce some other fact; but when you have by grouping all the novels you know together, made your generalization, can you deduce another novel? Two wedded facts will bring forth another fact, but wed all the novels in the world and they won't bring forth another novel.

I never made but one such classification in my life, which has been always amply sufficient for me, and what I pronounce, without conceit, to be the only sensible classification I ever heard of. It is this : First, Novels of 1 vol. Second, Novels of 2 vols. Third, Novels of over two volumes. Kingsley belongs to the first class, having never written a novel of more than one volume.

So far as style is concerned, outside of De Quincey and Hawthorne, I know of no such English as I find in Charles Kingsley. Kingsley is natural. He knows one very important thing,—that style does not consist in making each individual sentence such a model of elegance and delicate mechanism that it will of itself arrest attention. Just there he differs from a man who is just now exciting more attention than any other literary personage alive, Mr. Kinglake. When I say of Kinglake's, Eöthen that there is not a paragraph in it which does not contain a sentence which would glow upon the page of an ordinary man like a diamond amid quartz, I have said enough, so far as I am concerned, to damn the book forever. In the first eight or ten pages you will hardly find a sentence which has not some delicate turn or artistic elegance. He seems to think that you must take one of his sentences after another and linger about it until, like a bee in a hot-house, you have sipped out all its sweetness. The bee passes over many tall white dandelions and glossy buttercups before he bathes himself in the cooling dew of the wild-rose ; and the difference between Kingsley and Kinglake is just that between a June meadow and a January hot-house, in which the plants, by a continual artificial culture, have been brought to an unnatural brilliancy of color. Mr. Kinglake seems first to hew out his sentences from the quarry of his thought roughly, and then to go over them with a most delicate hammer and chisel, until they stand before us cold and glittering as groups of marble statuary in a moonlit garden. Sometimes, however, when the traces of care are most evident, the effect is not, in the least, like that of marble statuary. In these places you imagine that he has hung over his sentences with all that vexatious discontent, which a modern Alcibides bestows on a new necktie before going to a party. He ties it and unties it ; ties it again, discovers a wrinkle in its most gorgeous figure, swears and unties it ; and after trying, swearing and untying until his fingers are worn out, he at last manages to frighten the thing into some sort of propriety.

My old school-teacher's motto, " write with fury, but correct with phlegm," was, no doubt, a very good one ; but Phlegm is not to do away with Fury. The opposite of this fault of Kinglake's is one of

Kingsley's great virtues. Limbberness and facility are seen upon every page. One of the very first requisites for success in a writer, is the power of photographing accurately every idea-bird just as it flies out of the window of the mind. This is the very first requisite for a writer, as the power of having thoughts is for a thinker. Unless the man has the power of transferring to paper the thought at the moment of its conception, he will not probably reach any great eminence as a writer. Unless he has this power of imprisoning his conceptions in ink, every other thought will escape; because our ideas never walk, but fly; and because they never come singly, but in flocks. Thoughts are gregarious

Very frequently, when the thinker has been wandering through the fields of his imagination, like a hunter through a region scarce of game, seeking, but finding not, suddenly there rises before him a flock of beautifully tinted idea-birds, with crests of gold and crimson, and wings of myriad colored brightness. How often is it that the intellectual hunter must shoot down one of these and let the rest escape, or stand gazing at them rapt in wonder, until afar off on the horizon they hang a confused cloud of radiance.

But you may say that the writer, although he cannot elaborately photograph every thought, can still make a general outline, a rough sketch of each, and finish the details at his leisure. This may be so in Painting, but it is not so in writing. When one first strikes on a train of thought or fancy, he may write down a few unintelligibilities which will bring the same general train of thought back to him. But is it in reality the same? Will the moss-rose, looking down at its own beautiful self mirrored in a crystal spring, be the same flower two months hence, pressed between the leaves of your sister's album? There is just that difference between the thought at the time of its conception, and the thought an hour afterwards. To think a thing one day and write it the next, is not a whit more sensible than to cook a dinner one day and eat it the next. The dinner will grow cold, and so will the thought. One must take the thought at its flood-tide. At no time will it be so beautiful as in the joy of its birth-hour, and of its happy novelty. The thought that is in bloom to-day must be pulled to-day. Put it off until to-morrow, and its leaves will be withered, and its fragrance gone. As in hay-making and love-making, so in poem and essay-making, does the old maxim hold true, "make hay while the sun shines."

Now you see that to write best; you must write as soon after thought as possible; i. e., your brain must deliver as soon as it con-

ceives. To do this, you must have facility, so that facility and good writing are pretty much synonymous terms. This facility Mr. Kingsley has to a remarkable degree.

I will content myself with speaking of one of Kingsley's novels—Alton Locke. Alton Locke is not by any means the best of his novels as a work of art, and hence our verdict upon the novel will not condemn the novelist as an artist. The novel has many good qualities. He has contrived,—with wonderful success—to fuse our interest in the political problem which he presents, with our interest in his hero, Alton. The story of Alton's devotion to the magnificent Lillian, is one of the grandest chapters in the history of Love. It is so delicately, so brilliantly, so passionately told. The greater things in this novel, Kingsley has done well, but he has most shockingly violated the "minor moralities" of the novel writing fraternity. I do not find fault because of the fact that praise will not be effective, unless censure be mixed in with it. I trust I do not belong to that class of critics who will not condescend to see a thing unless *it isn't there*; but I shall find fault because in the story proper of this book, there is a great deal to find fault with.

The first fault of the novel is, that there are too many persons killed. Death, as a whole, is no doubt a very unfortunate fact, but still it has its uses. Prominent among these are, the advantages it affords for rhetorical effect. Death is something very serious, and as in the state, so in the novel, should only be inflicted in extreme cases. The novelist must punish crime and reward virtue. The punishment must be proportional to the magnitude of the offence. If the villain of the novel is irrevocably a scoundrel, if he be so wicked, that the reader would regard his continued existence as endangering the welfare of the hero and the heroine, he should then be put out of the way. But if the novelist represents his villainy as not inherent, but only as accidental he can be made to confess that he has been a very bad boy and can be released on the promise that he will never do so any more. Sometimes, too, when crime does not demand death, it may be necessitated by the principles of good taste. For instance, the Esthetics of the question, called for the death of Mr. Dimmsdale, in the immortal Romance of Hawthorne. Mr. Dimmsdale's conduct viewed ethically was not altogether without reproach, but still death would have been much too severe a penalty for his crime. He had already atoned for it in the fearful lacerations which his intensely acute conscience had inflicted on body and mind. Every approving glance which he received from the gray haired Patriarch, every smile of loving trust

which shone out of the pure eyes and white souls of the maidens of his congregation, was a spiritual death to him. Now Mr. Hawthorne would certainly have committed an esthetical sin, had he allowed this prodigy of his genius, this passionate, fiery tongued, fiery souled child of despair, this Mr. Dimmsdale with the scarlet letter branded on his heart, to marry Hester and go to house-keeping. There might be some reason for the death of Hypathia, in Kingsley's splendid picture of the fourth century. She was the representative of a dying Philosophy—a Philosophy which was in sympathy with neither the good nor the evil of that age. In *Alton Locke*, however, Mr. Kingsley kills pretty much every body, without any very evident reason for killing anybody. Alton's Mother, Lord Lyndale, George Locke, Sandy Makaye and numerous others are remorselessly put to death. One would have thought that it would not have been altogether improper to have allowed Eleanor, who is the only noble woman in the book, to live, but within two or three pages of the end the author discovers a bright spot upon either cheek. Why should she die? Is death the necessary penalty of a heart given over to sympathy with suffering, and of a life spent in its alleviation. There was not the slightest esthetical reason for giving her the consumption. No, this is a case of murder without the slightest provocation. He seems to have felt either very lugubrious or fearfully blood-thirsty, and so he has made the book little less than a grand *auto de fe*. And certainly, no matter who might be the person for whose untimely end I should be called on to drop a tear, I thought that Alton himself, the narrator, would live it through. The idea of his recording his own demise, strange to say, never entered my head. There is one advantage which the auto-biographical novel has over those in which the principal characters are spoken of in the third person. Through no matter what horrors the narrator may lead you, you feel sure that *he*, at least, is safe. In *Jane Eyre*, you walk hand in hand with the quiet little woman you have learned to love, through the most fearful scenes of screaming and stabbing and suffocating, and not only are you not fearful, but, like *Oliver Twist*, you cry for more. Judge then of our consternation when we turned over the last page in that full conviction of the author's vitality which is derived from hearing him talk for a day, to find a note at the bottom of the page explaining that "the author of this manuscript had in accordance with his determination, started on his voyage across the Atlantic and had died on the passage. Now this was meant to be pathetic, but it is simply ridiculous.

Alton Locke is a novel of progress, and the story should have had more hope in it. Why not have Lillian as beautiful in soul as she was lovely in form and face. Mr. Kingsley has told with a delicacy and a brilliancy above all praise, the love of Alton for the high-born beauty. A boy whose childhood had been passed amid misery and ugliness, and whose dreams of beauty were made richer by the unseemly poverty around him, enters for the first time a picture gallery, and upon this threshold of a new existence, sees the beautiful Lillian, who tells him in tones, which, like those of Keats' *Lamea*,

"Came as though bubbling honey,"

the story of St. Sebastian. Now why could not Alton after this boyhood of misery, after three years in prison, after having suffered all the calamities which genius, poverty and honesty bring upon a man, have found Lillian his ideal of inward beauty as she was of outward loveliness? Why, in short, could they not marry and be happy? But no, Mr. Kingsley was inexorable. Lillian must turn out a heartless doll, and Alton must die in sight of the rich southern shores of which he had dreamed from his infancy.

Another fault of Mr. Kingsley is too great a redundancy of adjectives. Some one has said that Rufus Choate drove a substantive and six. Such teams are dangerous. The idea will either be thrown out or else the magnificence of the equipage will be such as to take away all attention from the homely occupant within. Mr. Kingsley's sentences sometimes have the look of a very small boy in a very large pair of trousers. In tailor's phrase, it isn't a fit. The adjectives hang loose about the legs of the idea.

It may seem somewhat queer, after all this blame, to say that I enjoyed Alton Locke more than any novel I have read. If I had pointed out to you its exquisite description, its dramatic passion, its supple and vigorous wit, in all probability my article would never have been read. Man has a great liking for seeing his brother man pitched into. So understand, that this castigation was inflicted (Poor Kingsley?) entirely through deference to your wishes. Let me say, in conclusion, that if Dickens, Thackeray, George Elliot, Trollope and Kingsley were to issue a new novel on the same day, I should read Kingsley's first.

E. S. N.

Talk.

READER, we had planned an elaborate essay which we designed to inflict upon you, but have changed our mind, and concluded instead to have a little familiar and friendly chat, such as we should enjoy if you sat before us; the ideal *you* being supposed to be an individual embodying all the varied excellencies which the real *you* doubtless severally possess, and manifesting to us personally the friendly feeling which we hope and believe you severally feel to the old LIT. We will not promise to be profound, logical, rhetorical, nor anything else, save, (we hope,) truthful; and if we succeed in not boring you, our ambition will be satisfied.

Do you ever feel Wednesday and Saturday afternoons a somewhat forlorn time? When you have no special occupation on your hands, feel no obligation to work, and no temptation to any particular recreation; does there not come over you at such times a vague feeling, not deep enough to be called sadness, but half dissatisfaction, half perhaps loneliness? The whirl of daily occupations and interests lulls for a moment, and you want something to take its place. You feel a kind of weariness of the same round of duties and pleasures, varying so little day by day; a longing for some companionship beside that of your fellow-students, for surroundings gentler, more refined, in short more *home-like* than those about you. There, I think, is the great draw-back in the pleasure of college-life; one has no home, in the real sense of the word. These dens of ours are, on the whole, comfortable, jolly places; they are *the* places for work, and for the hearty, substantial enjoyment that accompanies all earnest and honest work; nor are pleasures of a lighter and more social cast altogether unknown to them! But they have not the kindly, genial atmosphere of home, and indeed how should they? We freely acknowledge to you, Reader, that in reflecting on their deficiencies, considered as abodes for human beings, the thought frequently comes home to us with peculiar force, that women, generally speaking, are a good institution, and mothers and sisters particularly so. Tell us, ingenuous Freshman, dignified Senior, did you ever experience a similar weakness?

Unfortunately, for this particular trouble there appears no remedy; and indeed, Reader, if you have supposed we had any new and grand

remedy to suggest for these occasional turns of such feelings as we have described, we are sorry to say you were mistaken. We take it they are, to a certain extent, one of the few inseparable draw-backs from the pleasures of student existence, to be faced and borne by each one as best he can. But there is one course which suggests itself as to some extent a preventive; an idea not new, but none the worse for its age. It is simply, to anticipate the enemy by pre-occupying the ground. Don't despise the old recipe of "books, or work, or healthful play"; few of us are in any danger of over-doing it. It is not a good thing to spend too much time with only your own thoughts for company. Or rather, if you are *thinking* in earnest, and on a worthy subject, well and good; only, as a general thing, shun thinking about nothing, or about yourself. I do not mean genuine reveries or castle building; for the most part we have altogether too little of the poetical and sentimental in us to expose us to any danger from that source. What we have to guard against, is that listless state of mind,—are you not familiar with it, Reader?—in which, sitting idly in your room, your thoughts seem almost to stagnate, until finally you slide into a fit of morbid disgust with your position, your employments, your thoughts themselves, yourself, in short, and all that appertains to you. When you feel yourself lapsing into such a frame of mind, run away from it, if you have any regard for your own comfort. Take refuge with a good book, an agreeable friend, an unfulfilled duty that lies heavy on your conscience, (this last, best of all); or if none of these are available, get out into the open air, and seek health for your body, and yet more for your mind, among the fresh, bright, beautiful things of Nature.

How do we almost all neglect that same true, great-hearted friend, mother Nature! How much broader, healthier, kindlier, would the soul of each one of us become, if we sought her oftener, and in a spirit of truer reverence! She is anything but inaccessible. Step but out of the doorway of one of these old piles, and you stand in one of her royal palaces. Give yourself full time to drink in all the beauty, and strength, and grace, in this noble temple of elms. Forget for a while the old buildings behind you, with all they contain, and let eye and soul feast undisturbed on the massy trunks, the sweeping boughs, the wilderness of leaf and spray, around and above you. Is it not glorious? Or if you would have a longer, freer draught from the same pure fountain, you have but to start forth; and take which road you will, you can hardly fail to find in at most an hour's walk, some scene of tranquil beauty, sufficient, if you will but yield yourself wholly to

its influences, to fill you with its loveliness, and charm into you a little, at least, of its own restful peace. Trust me, you will return with your whole being in better tune than when you went out.

While on this subject, I cannot forbear to quote from an article that appeared not many years ago in these pages. I long to re-produce it bodily for your benefit, Reader, though I should not care to put my own thoughts by the side of those it contains. It is entitled "Ambulatory," and there the writer speaks :

"Better than a good Greek recitation or an original demonstration in Euclid; nay, even better than a meerscham and a hand at whist in a fetid room, is a walk to West Rock, with its view of the city and the distant meadows, where Mill River, like an antediluvian snake, winds toward the Sound; with its prospect of the Giant sleeping in his majestic calm; with its Judges' Cave, and all the neighboring trees whispering as you come up 'So, let us see how this fellow worships here!' in a word, with its balms of lively pulse, and purified thought, and gentler sympathies toward all mankind!"

By the way, why do not our Faculty put a few seats around and under the college elms? It would be a great accommodation to all students, and would, we are sure, be gratefully appreciated. As it is now, during a large part of the year, it is impossible for any length of time to enjoy the shade and the sight of these old patriarchs from beneath, without running serious risk of cold and cough. Surely, if these facilities were afforded us for passing our leisure hours comfortably and pleasantly in the open air, we should be in no way the worse, and in many ways the better for it. I presume no one familiar with student habits will fear lest idleness and wasted hours should be the result. The temptations and opportunities for laziness could hardly be any greater than at present; and it seems to us on the contrary, that many an hour now devoted to "a meerscham and a hand at whist in a fetid room" would then be exchanged for one spent in quiet communion with a book, a friend, or one's own thoughts; these last, by the way, far more likely to be healthful and profitable amid such surroundings, than when shut up within the four walls of one's room. Or are the Faculty afraid that such accommodations, if provided, would fall victims to the spirit that now displays itself in an occasional raid on the college fence? We are very confident that such would not be the case; that a strong public sentiment, based on a feeling of real gratitude for the benefit conferred, would restrain the few Vandals who might feel inclined so to display their barbarism; and that an occasional harmless gash from a pen-knife would be the worst injury the

seats would sustain. Indeed, we feel sure that the students, if allowed the opportunity, would themselves gladly defray the expense of instituting and maintaining an improvement at once so cheap and so beneficial.

This subject leads naturally to another, and we feel impelled to ask the question every Yalensian hears so often, that it's a wonder no Freshman society has ever seized on it for discussion: "Why *don't* the Faculty cushion the chapel seats?" And here we hear some one impatiently exclaim, "What effeminacy! Surely the race of Americans is indeed degenerating, when young men cannot endure to sit on a hard seat two hours a Sunday without lamentation and complaint!" But, good sir, consider these facts; we do submit, without the slightest remonstrance or objection, to sitting on board seats three hours a day during the week; and would only gently suggest that it *would* be well if, in consideration for human weakness, the backs of the seats in the Chemistry lecture-room were inclined forward at an angle a little less acute than 45 degrees. But on Sunday, when attending divine service, it is only natural and reasonable to desire that one's position may be such as not to occasion positive inconvenience and discomfort; and as the shape of the seats is anything but luxurious, cushions would hardly seem too great a luxury to be tolerated. "But the students would go to sleep if their seats were more comfortable." We waive the question whether discomfort is a legitimate means of securing attention, and only ask the objector to look around the Chapel some Sunday when a sleepy minister has strayed into the pulpit, and see with how good effect the preventive now operates! Some one else reminds us that our grandfathers did not have any cushions, and indeed were very glad to have any seats at all. Very likely; but neither did our grandfathers have any carpets in their rooms, not to speak of sofas and easy-chairs; shall we therefore go back to bare floors and straight-backed wooden chairs? We ought to, if your theory is the true one. But so long as it is not generally accepted, and the common belief and practice rest on the ground that the accommodations of students ought to be, not luxurious, but *comfortable*, why not be consistent, and remove the few exceptions to the general rule?

This may seem to some a trifling matter to discuss in this fashion, but it seems to us that it has a more important aspect than its merely physical one. It may appear to some an over-strained view of the case; but it is our firm conviction that if a few of these matters, involving the daily comfort of the students, were attended to, the effect would be in a high degree beneficial in promoting good feeling among

them toward their instructors. All must feel, and with deep regret, that the state of feeling here between the governors and the governed is far from what is to be desired ; that a want on the one side of confidence, and on the other of respect and consideration, yet acts in no inconsiderable degree to prevent that thorough, harmonious co-operation between teachers and taught, which is among the first conditions of success in an institution like this. There lurks among the students by far too much of the old absurd idea of a natural enmity between the teacher and pupil ; and among the Faculty—shall we say what we are in common with many others cannot but feel ?—in the Faculty there appears often a strong disposition to treat the students, not as gentlemen, but as children ; to hold them under surveillance, and call them to account, in a manner anything but gratifying to their self-respect ; in short, to treat one as a rogue, until, by indubitable evidence, he proves himself an honest man. We are far from saying that there is nothing on the part of the students which might seem to justify such a course ; there is undoubtedly much wrong on their side ; but we cannot feel that it is all there. The subject is an interesting and a wide one, and we cannot enter upon its discussion here. But on one thing all must agree, that whatever tends to promote good feeling and regard for the Faculty among the students, is, on that account, most desirable. And we are very sure that such evidences on the part of the former, of regard for the comfort and convenience of the latter, as we have instanced, would not be without effect in promoting this great end.

You remember, Reader, that at the outset we stipulated for the right of letting our thoughts flow as disconnectedly as they pleased. So we can hardly tell you what it was in our last train of thought that suggested the idea, that we see in College such marked examples of the many suffering for the fault of the few. For instance, is it not a little hard that a whole class must bear the reproach of conduct in the lecture-room in the highest degree ungentlemanly and childish, because a few fools cannot be restrained from displaying their folly there ? The class at large may unite, as it does, in the most hearty condemnation of such performances, and the profoundest contempt for those engaged in them, yet as a body they have to bear the blame. Take a still more striking case : Is it not hard that the fair fame of a whole college must be tarnished—a college ? say rather that the very character of a student should come in the eyes of so many to include something of the ruffian, because a small knot of bullies and cowards in each class choose to perpetuate the contemptible custom of hazing ?

I use the words advisedly, for if any one with any pretensions to the character of a gentleman, engages in any such proceedings, he assumes for the time at least the character both of bully and coward, and furnishes strong ground for belief that his gentility is at best of the most superficial character. If the men concerned in this business knew how unanimously and strongly the best sentiment of college,—the sentiment they themselves would most respect, condemned their doings and despised them, I suspect they would be shamed into decency.

We have kept our promise as to not limiting our field of discussion, have we not, Reader? The Blues, Nature, the Elms, Chapel seats, the Faculty, Hazing, all have had their turn. One thing we can say, for ourselves at least, this style of writing has made a pleasure out of what we began as a burden; and if you have not been bored, even though you have found nothing to carry away, we can promise you that at any rate you lost nothing in missing the skeleton essay we mentally committed to the flames.

G. S. M.

A Brace of Characters.

The peculiar charms which cluster around College life, its labors, sympathies, and pleasures, which the student finds so rich and varied, and which the alumnus recollects and cherishes as his most joyful mementos are a source of wonder, often expressed to the uninitiated, how so small a space, filled with gloomy stone, or still more uninteresting brick structures, old and dilapidated, can merit such enthusiastic affection.

So we have often wondered, that with all that has been said, and written, College subjects were not long ago exhausted; while the fact is that college characteristics are so numerous and striking, that like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope, they need only be placed in some new position, or viewed at some different angle to make another picture.

Then again, each year brings its changes; the century which separates the Yale student from us, is a wide chasm, in which are swallowed up many old rules and customs. Who would recognize in the dapper gentlemen who talk so loud and feel so important, with an assur-

rance which in some cases has led them to wait and bow to the President in Chapel and even to sit on the fence after supper, that meek and lowly race who used to run on errands for upper class men, and to receive in return, lessons in manners? These numerous and changing features of college life must be our excuse then, if you require one, for taking another peep at ourselves in the mirror.

Among the chief joys of vacation, is that of meeting a classmate, giving and receiving that hearty hand-shake, and warm "How are you?" of brothers well met. And then the talk of college matters, is good for sore eyes. When in our ramblings we fall in with graduates or some one interested in college matters, how pleasantly the hours slip by, and it seems to us on review, as though Father Time must have stopped then for a while, to whet his scythe. But to our subject. Some old philosopher has told us that we are momentarily learning something, and our own experiences furnish instances, where at unexpected times and in unlooked-for ways, our stock of knowledge has been increased. Where is knowledge less sought than in vacation, and yet it was in vacation that your correspondent had his eyes opened in quite a startling manner to what seemed to him some fresh development of the Yalensian species of the student genus. It was in the course of an old folks party, at which we chanced to be present,—“I am afraid our John is injuring his health,” remarked a nice old lady, “he says he has to study constantly. I really think the Faculty do wrong in making the poor students work so hard.”—Of course we made no mention of the fact that we had met John several times in College without his books, while College rumor falsely ascribed his weak eyes and poor health to too much smoke and wine. “There is George,” remarked a pussy pater-familias, who tried to hide his pride by pretended displeasure, “who is so popular, that he is all the time sending home for more money, to defray the expenses which his high position in his class makes necessary.” Somebody acquainted with George’s career in college, whispered in our ear, that he guessed his popularity was greatest at Eli’s and the Livery Stables, and the money went there. One old gentleman, who insists upon his son keeping an account, in order that he may see how the money is spent, is astonished at the amount charged to Stationery, Postage Stamps, Books, &c., but supposes it is all right. Of course it is all right, we murmured to ourselves as we wended our way homeward, with coat tails slightly elevated, to make room for our hands clasped behind in meditative style; and the result of our serious cogitation was, that it took all sorts of people to make up a world; and as we drew “the drapery of our

couch about us," sinking to quiet slumbers, we dreamed, and the moral of our dream was, "Beware of white lies."

But this we afterwards found was a mild type of the disease. "Do you know — of the — class?" inquired a young lady in the course of a conversation on College subjects, in which we were portraying in brilliant colors a scrape in which we figured principally. "Oh yes, quite well." "Was he not rather a wild fellow?" "Not at all, rather quiet than otherwise." "I do'n't believe you know him," with a sly smile to think how she had us, "for he used to tell me the greatest amount of stories about the times he had in College; and if I recollect aright, he told me about his doing something similar to what you were describing just now,—but excuse me, please go on with what you were saying before I interrupted you." Of course the thing was impossible, our wings had been clipped, and our Muse was dumb; so after a few cursory remarks, we suddenly remembered another engagement and left. This time our coat tails were much elevated, but not for the same reason as before, for now like good angels they endeavored to hold us back, while we, with fell intent rushed on in search of the man who had stolen our thunder. We did not find him then, so there was no murder done, and on further reflection, thought it would be better to publish the young gent in the Lit., that he might suffer that shame, 'worse than a living death,' which his crimes deserved. But to our honor we find that our hero is but a representative of quite a class of Baron Manchausens and brothers of "Iagoo the great story teller."

Having made the family a study for several days, we have arrived at the following conclusion. As a general thing these young gentlemen are those who have enjoyed the peculiar privilege of having been the subjects of practical jokes and loads ever since they entered College "Freshmen green as grass," who at home get off their own experiences, making themselves the doer instead of the sufferer, just to make the thing more interesting.

"Do the students at Yale study much?" inquired a member of a fashionable boarding school, of a student friend of ours. He, with the air of the old woman, who remarked that "it required a great deal of labor, a great deal of patience, a great deal of learning, a great deal of love to get along with that Tom,—I can do it well enough," at first magnified the labors of College and so indirectly his own ability, closing by asking in righteous indignation, "How could you think of such a foolish question?" "Because," was the reply, "I thought students seemed to be all the time on the street." There is something in this after all

Well we remember, when in boyhood we used to visit New Haven, how we admired those fair young damsels who met us in bright array, marshalled by some fierce and ancient houri, imagining in each face we met some resemblance to those nymphs of whom we had just begun to read in "Heathen Mythology." Was it strange if we fancied ourselves in Elysian fields, and that we had just met the attendants of majesty? But a few short weeks sufficed to teach us that what we imagined etherial trains, were but Miss ——'s boarding school helping digestion by an after breakfast walk. But to our sorrow we see some misguided youths who have not been informed, or else will not believe, but as blind votaries, dog the fair train from day to day, or feverishly pursue isolated and unprotected females as they sail along the street, to whom in lieu of better protection, Providence has given crinoline, "so," to use an old lady's expression, "if girls will have gun-powder dispositions the sparks may not touch them." You stray into the room of one of these ladies, men, almost any time in the day, you may see a few books, and all the paraphernalia of this wonderful being, the *loud* pants, very light, of course, made to fit and more too, and which in times of old Connecticut Blue Laws, would have led to the search of the wearer on the suspicion of concealing stolen property; the coat which at first sight would seem to have lost an essential part in passing over a fence with a dog behind, but which the tailors tell us is owing to the high price of cloth; the square-toed boots made with an especial reference to corns, polished until you imagine you see the face of a small contraband every time you look towards them. If any opportunity is allowed, the above armor is put on; the weak capillary production of the upper lip, is dressed in a suit of black pomatum, until it,—we mean the pomatum, becomes a visible dark colored curve; the hair is dressed in classic style; the flashy tie is now adjusted; the glossy hat set carefully on top of all. He starts, the new kid glove and darning needle cane acting as agents, the glove, to show off the cane, and the cane to show off the glove, both producing a decided effect. We will not stop to narrate the triumphal march down town, or the stray glances of favor he sees in so many eyes. Sometimes he fancies a young lady bows, his hat is off instantler, and he stands uncovered until she has passed by. He usually finds out that the bow was intended for another, but that makes no difference to him. A beautiful face makes him almost insane, while he can live on a smile for a week. The lower orders of this class have been known to stand on the corner of some fashionable street on muddy or windy days, and as they do not seem to be waiting for friends it is surmised that their

object is less respectable. The day's adventures over, the hero returns gloating over his successes and recounting his adventures to admiring friends, who lack the clothes and not the spirit to go and do likewise. There are several varieties of this large family, viz., those who "go out" daily, those who devote half holidays, and those who resemble comets. Some have a general cruising ground, while others are always to be found in certain localities. In evening too they love to prey, and "Oft in the stilly night" aside from the discourse of dogs, the wail of cats and other local noises, may be heard the guitar or flute, rivalling the cricket in harshness and the "katy-did" in pathos, accompanying a bassish tenor to "I have sighed to rest," or some equally pathetic melody repeated indefinitely, usually to the trees and side of the house. Sometimes a boquet is thrown out as if to buy peace. If this is vain, a remedy has been used, invented by an old gent, who offered a hand-organ man a shilling to leave, while he, probably a Jew, asked a quarter, it is projected and causes a slight and extended wound with a peculiar smarting sensation. Could the fathers of either of these classes that we have mentioned, and which may be symbolized as the serpent and dove, meet their offspring in the pursuit of their darling occupations, how they would touch them on the shoulder and say in a tone of authority, "what are you doing sir? As for ourselves we only feel authorized to speak as a friend. You men who steal a lions skin to cover a mean animal, too good or too cowardly to be the author of adventures or stories, crawl quickly out of your false position and take your place before some ruthless hand tears off the false covering and brings to light the long ears. And my friends that delight in flirting, did you not know that the smile which you covet, is often called forth by the fact that bubbly is trying to raise a moustache or otherwise at your expense? While who knows but those glances which make your heart jump into your mouth are those of pity, and might find suitable expression in the remark of the old lady, when she met a young gentlemen who had decorated himself as the Evil One, to frighten her on her return from evening meeting, "Who are you?" "I'm the Devil." After a close survey, accompanied by a sigh, "I am sorry for you poor critter." Do you really desire to marry? Have you considered how your stand is fast declining? Have you read the College Laws? Have you any means of support? When you have answered all these questions to yourself, make up your mind like a man, leave College and settle down in life, or abandoning the follies, reap the benefits which Old Mother Yale is willing to pour upon you.

Spilled Milk.

If ever an old gentleman wishes to induce a young one to improve his opportunities, he makes a strong point out of numerous instances of opportunities thrown away and regretted by himself, or some acquaintance of his. According to their own account, the Alumni of old Yale devote themselves principally to wishing they hadn't done what they did, and that they had done what they didn't. Having been sufficiently bored by these miserable bemourners of spilled milk, my meditations have led me to these conclusions.

If it's very wrong and very unphilosophical to live for the present; if we ought continually to be thinking of the future, it is certainly the height of folly to fret oneself about the past. Suppose you devote yourself during Freshman year, to kid gloves and Chapel street, with occasional divergencies in the direction of girl's boarding schools; suppose you make an ass of yourself generally. When you become a Sophomore, suppose you spend your time mostly at Eli's or Sam Thompson's; suppose you subject yourself to frequent attacks of Kat-senjammer and injure your digestion by drinking too much and at unreasonable hours, and violate most of the hygienic laws laid down in the Child's Book of Physiology; suppose you yell hoarse invectives at the members of the New Haven Police corps, and in all respects conform yourself as closely as possible to the customs of the Bowery Boy. Suppose, as a Junior, your ambition is confined to success in saltatory demonstrations at Germanias and Promenade (!) Concerts. Now when you arrive at Senioric dignity, your soul is filled with a thirst for learning, you find the studies more to your taste than formerly, and accordingly taking hold of them with a new vigor; you get good term stands and your division officer tells you that if your previous course had been satisfactory, it is very likely that the faculty out of their great benevolence might have given you a colloquy. What under the sun is the use of aggravating yourself about time gone by. Do you think that if you should begin again you'd do any differently? Do you think that if you were afflicted now with Demosthenes and Conic Lectures, Greek Plays and Analytics, you'd see more beauties in them than before? I don't believe you would.

One's tastes mature considerably during Junior and Senior years, so that men who go down a class or two sometimes do better in the

new place than in the old ; but if you can imagine yourself beginning again with your old tastes and your present knowledge of the importance of Greek, analytics and such like abominations, I don't think you'd better yourself at all. When you were a Fresh, you behaved according to your Freshman instincts ; as a Sophomore, you trust to live up to your idea of Sophomore independence. Tu, Junior, wast much more agreeable to thy dear little friends than if thou hadst been constantly digging at Thucydides and Tacitus. Every season has its pleasures ; then why spend the winter in lamenting that you din't skate and take sleigh-rides during Spring, Summer and Autumn. I don't urge you not to think of the past, only don't regret it. Remember that the old way was very pleasant and very misty, suited to your former notions, but don't insist on comparing it with the present. You think now that you have arrived at years of discretion and thoughtfulness. Ten years hence, if you keep on advancing, you will scarcely see any difference in boyishness between Senior and Sophomore years. You need'nt grunt then because you didn't take to Leibnitz and Kant when you first left off milk and severed the maternal apron-string. So, my dear friend, get all the comfort you can out of the past, all the comfort you can out of the present, and the future will bring still other comforts, whereunto your heart shall be rejoiced.

To the above mentioned old gentlemen—I mean those I referred to in the beginning—I would say, if you are so constituted as to derive pleasure from playing Rachel over your departed opportunities, why go ahead : but if Moses should rise from the dead to tell us lazy men that he is sorry he didn't cram more classics and mathematics, and didn't inflict himself on Linonia every Wednesday evening of his college course, I am afraid we should look upon him as a disagreeable old mummy, pay a quarter to see him once, and then consign him and his advice to oblivion.

I write for the satisfaction of those who, like yourself, have lived for the present. Men of the other style may find matter more agreeable ; and, I really believe, equally true and forty times as useful, in L. G.'s new idea of " Luck," and S. C. D.'s ideas on " Here and Hereafter." Most especially to the two honorable gentlemen who, with myself, formed a glorious triad last year at the tail end of our incomparable class, is this effusion respectfully dedicated.

A. E. W.

Memorabilia Yalensia.

Commencement.

THE day for the promulgation of sheepskins and the secular occupation of Center Church, the great day of the great week in the College Calendar, summoned to our City of Elms, apparently, the usual number of interested Alumni, and their interesting wives and daughters. Characteristically warm the weather was, though nobody seemed to mind it. These "time-honored piles" were peopled by a class of beings palpably distinct from those who are their usual denizens. Over the old, worn thresholds stepped grey-haired men, busily at work with by-gone recollections, or, more likely, pointing out, with boyish enthusiasm, to "Mary, love," or "Fred.," (who'll soon be one of us,) "that very third story, back middle," where he had seen some of the choicest fun and comfort that ever fell to the lot of mortals. From that same North Entry, where his "set" most did congregate, he has elicited far more enjoyment than that stone mansion, or that country-seat on the Hudson can ever bestow. And now, a droll twinkle in the old gentleman's eye, tells us that memory, ever on the watch, has lighted on a new nest of College reminiscences; and, with a keen enjoyment, as if he were renewing, and not merely recollecting the scene, he tells Mary, somewhat puzzled, or Fred., quite appreciative, of some particularly interesting scrape, whose incidents occurred in that locality, or of some specially obnoxious and sometimes obtrusive Tutor, who used to frequent "those cozy quarters, just up that first flight of stairs, at the right." Younger men, too, strolled under our familiar elms. Here's a knot (far along in the 50's they said good-bye to Yale,) on and about this section of the College fence. You'd pronounce them, on affidavit, rollicking Sophomores, did not the superior pointedness of their *loads*, or, perchance, a clerical neck-tie or two in the group, betray the distinction. But mark, how abrupt a lull breaks in on their frolicsome gayety. That chance, it may have been indirect, allusion to poor Frank —, was enough to check that burst of mirth and laughter. That fine looking Captain at your side can tell you how bravely he fought and fell at Fredericksburg; but they themselves could not tell you adequately how much, justly, they miss him. Such were the men, and noble specimens they were, who wandered around our College walls last Commencement day. It was *their* day. These were their grounds, their trees, their rooms, it seemed. We were superceded, dethroned; and now, though we have regained our supremacy, we must remember that our tenure, at best, is but short-lived. "Soon we'll be alumni too," and will then be able to sympathize heartily with those who come back to renew, one day at least in the cycle, their College recollections, and make the place once more their own.

Alumni Meeting.

The graduates' gathering, this year, was well attended, and quite as well conducted. The spirit which seemed to animate it was admirable; and the "fathers" certainly had, in College phraseology, a "jolly old time." Rev. W. T. Dwight, D. D., of Portland, Me., officiated, with all requisite ease and dignity, as Chairman;

and the Rev. Dr. Dutton, and Wm. S. Eakin, Esq., of Tennessee, acted as Secretaries.

The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. Dr. Barstow, of New Hampshire; (class of 1813;) which was followed by the reading of the obituary list of Alumni.

The opening address, by the Chairman, was peculiarly graceful and appropriate, and his laudatory tributes to Dr. Lyman Beecher, Gov. Baldwin, and Prof. Chas. Hooker, were simply beautiful. Prof. Thacher then named over the several gifts of the year, from friends of the College. These were, a donation of about \$100,000 from the General Government, to the Sheffield Scientific School; a present of \$30,000, by S. B. Chittenden, Esq., of Brooklyn, for the endowment of the College Pastorate; and a third (to us unquestionably the most acceptable) gift, also of \$30,000, by Mr. Joseph Battell, of N. Y., for the erection of a new College Chapel. The *genuine* applause which greeted this last announcement, must have been gratifying, in the highest degree, to this philanthropic gentleman. We assure him that his generosity will be duly appreciated, and his name honored. It may be proper to state, in this connection, though the formal announcement has not yet been made, that Mr. Peabody, of London, Eng., is prepared to donate the sum of \$100,000 to the College, for the erection of a more suitable Cabinet building—proposing also, as the general impression is, to make some valuable contributions to the Cabinet itself.

After these announcements, Dr. Bacon read a short series of Resolutions, commemorative of the past services, and eulogistic of the character of the venerable Ex-President Day; and after their unanimous adoption, Dr. Bacon proceeded to speak of Admiral Foote, as one of the staunchest friends of the College throughout his life-time, though not an Alumnus: and was followed by Dr. Budington, who spoke affecting of the last hours of the gallant hero. Rev. A. H. Strong then paid a short, sad, but sweet tribute to Frank E. Butler, of '57, as noble a fellow, he certainly seemed to be, as "this cruel war" has yet lain low. The word of high eulogy that our President voluntarily bestowed on his memory, was, in itself, a precious testimonial of worth. Though he died so soon, he has not died in vain, leaving so honored a name behind him. At about this stage of the proceedings, Sumter's gallant hero was escorted to the place, amidst a tumultuous burst of enthusiasm, and delighted us with a few impromptu words of hope, tempered with Christian resignation. Next was introduced to us the Rev. Dr. Massie, of London, who made, to our mind at least, the most elegant and eloquent speech of the occasion. It seemed to bubble over with the very soul of geniality and pathos. He talked to us so earnestly, so pleasantly, and, above all, manifestly so honestly, that it was nothing else than a pleasure, a feast, to hear him. And then, his enunciation—why it was not our nasal, *twanging* American, but it was full, sonorous, musical Anglo-Saxon. Dr. Massie's periods were, indeed, draughts from "the pure well of English, undefiled," and most refreshing ones they were, too. Next, we were favored by an unquestionably learned and logical disquisition from the lips of Dr. Lieber, of New York; if we mistake not, on the American theory of Government. His thoughts, however, not being quite so consonant with the general spirit of exuberant mirth and informal speech-making, I fear, were not as impressive in their effects as they properly should have been. The Classes of 1813, 1833, 1843, and 1853, were severally and ably represented by the following Clergymen: Rev.

Geo. Allen, Rev. Dr. Wolcott, Rev. W. H. Goodrich, and Rev. C. T. Lewis. Dr. Wolcott's speech was especially animated; and his proud declaration that neither of the Major-Generals of his Class had been disgraced in commanding the Army of the Potomac, was duly appreciated as a Class distinction.

Statement Facts.

This time-honored Institution, once partaking so largely of the theoretical, the imaginative, and the verbose, was this year restricted to a brief and practical statement of the results of the Campaign in Linonia hall. These results were a victory for the Brothers in Unity; the figures standing,

Brothers, 71,
Linonia, 65.

Whether the several arguments of these two rival Societies have actually diminished in number, or have only been methodized in their *application*, it is, perhaps impossible to state. But certain it is, that individual appeal has taken the place of didactic exhortation, and that Statement of Facts, as a College custom, I had almost said farce, has been buried, without hope, we doubt not, of resurrection. The usual accompanying *athletic exhibition* took place in front of Alumni hall. Both sides claimed the victory, of course, and both withdrew from the field in capital order.

The Commencement Exercises,

Were fully up to the average in point of ability. The music was excellent. The Programme will, doubtless, afford all other requisite information.

FORENOON.

1. MUSIC: Die Felsenmühle, Overture.—*Reissiger*.
2. PRAYER by the President.
3. Salutatory Oration in Latin, by WILLABE HASKELL, *Bucksport, Me.*
4. Dissertation, "Justice and Benevolence," by GEORGE WALLACE BANKS, *Greenfield Hill.*
5. Oration, "Intangible Influences," by WILLIAM CHURCHILL REED, *Hampden, Me.*
6. MUSIC: Victoria.—*Lanner*.
7. Oration, "Enthusiasm," by ORLANDO FRANKLIN BUMP, *Baltimore, Md.*
8. Dissertation, "Thomas Carlyle," by HENRY HULBERT INGERSOLL, *Oberlin, O.*
9. Dissertation, "Sir Thomas More," by SAMUEL HUNTINGTON, *Hartford.*
10. MUSIC: La Juive, Finale.—*Halevy*.
11. Dissertation, "The Crown of the Conquered," by JOSEPH FREDERIC KERN-OCHAN, *New York City.*
12. Oration, "Edmund Burke," by GEORGE SCOVILL HAMLIN, *Sharon.*
13. Dissertation, "The Mystery of the Future," by THORNTON MILLS HINKLE, *Cincinnati, O.*
14. MUSIC: Mon Plaisir.—*Bergè*.
15. Oration, "The Necessity of Adherence to Written Law," by HENRY FARNAM DIMOCK, *South Coventry.*
16. Dissertation, "The Reformer," by GEORGE WALTER ALLEN, *Worcester, Mass.*
17. Oration, "Charlotte Corday," by WILBUR IVES, *New Haven.*
18. MUSIC: Il Diluvio, Aria.—*Donizetti*.
19. Dissertation, "Hildebrand," by HENRY WHITNEY SCOTT, *Southbury.*
20. Poem, "The Other Land," by HENRY ELY COOLEY, *Newton, Mass.*
21. Philosophical Oration, "Responsibility of Liberty," by GEORGE EDWARD LOUNSBURY, *Ridgefield.*
22. MUSIC: Fra Diavolo, Overture.—*Auber*.

AFTERNOON.

1. MUSIC: Nachtlager in Granada, Overture.—*Kreutzer*.
2. Oration, "The Power of the Youthful Spirit," by HORACE WEBSTER FOWLER, *Utica, N. Y.*
3. Dissertation, "Thomas Hood," by HOWARD KINGSBURY, *New York City*.
4. Dissertation, "The Individual," by JOHN HASKELL BUTLER, *Groton, Mass.*
5. MUSIC: Spiralen.—*Strauss*.
6. Dissertation, "Gustavus Adolphus," by CHARLES STUART SHELDON, *Brockport, N. Y.*
7. Dissertation, "Freedom of Speech in Times of War," by CHARLES CARROLL BLATCHLEY, *New Haven*.
8. Oration, "Popular Prejudice," by HORACE BUMSTEAD, *Boston, Mass.*
9. MUSIC: Ione, Aria.—*Petrella*.
10. Oration, "Thomas Arnold," by THOMAS ALBERT EMERSON, *South Reading, Mass.* [Excused from speaking on account of sickness.]
11. Dissertation, "Bigotry," by FREDERICK JONES BARNARD, *Worcester, Mass.*
12. Oration, "The Integrity of the Advocate," by SAMUEL HOLLINGSWORTH, *Zanesville, O.*
13. Poem, "Rivers of Lethe," by GEORGE CHAMPLIN SHEPARD SOUTHWORTH, *Springfield, Mass.*
14. MUSIC: Festmarsch.—*Rietzel*.
15. Oration, "Political Education," by CYRUS WEST FRANCIS, *Newington*.
16. Philosophical Oration, "The Causes of National Decline," by DAVID BRAINERD PERRY, *Worcester, Mass.*
17. MUSIC: Lohengrin, Frauenchor.—*Wagner*.
18. Oration, "The Personal Relations of the Scholar to Truth," with the Valedictory Address, by LEANDER TROWBRIDGE CHAMBERLAIN, *West Brookfield, Mass.*
19. MUSIC: La Gazza Ladra, Overture.—*Rossini*.
20. DEGREES CONFERRED.
21. PRAYER by the President.

NAVY ELECTION.

At the annual Navy Meeting, in the President's Lecture Room, on Saturday, September 26th, Mr. S. C. PIERSON, the present Captain of Varuna Club, was elected Commodore, Mr. G. T. Ford, 1st Fleet Captain, Mr. R. L. Crook, 2d Fleet Captain, and Mr. C. F. Brown, Purser.

It is universally hoped, and confidently expected, that the present system of Navy Elections will undergo a radical change. It is deleterious to the best interests of all the Clubs, and calls loudly for a remedy.

Additions to the Faculty, etc.

We notice that the Faculty list, in the Banner, has received some new insertions since its last issue.

Rev. William B. Clarke has been appointed Livingston Professor of Divinity. Cyrus Northrop, of the Class of '57, is now our Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature. Lewis R. Packard, formerly Tutor, has been elected Assistant Professor of Greek, and Daniel C. Gilman, still Librarian of the College, becomes also Professor of Physical and Political Geography. Three new Tutors have appeared among us; Messrs. J. W. Gibbs, A. W. Wright, and A. H. Wilcox. Franklin B. Dexter, of 61, and John H. Hewitt, of '59, are respectively the Linonian and Brothers' Librarians for the ensuing year.

Phi Beta Kappa.

This glorious old relic of a by-gone age, made its usual annual resurrection and display, on the Wednesday of Commencement week. The Oration was by Charles

J. Stillé, of Philadelphia. It was characterized by high scholarly taste, and was well received. No Poem graced the occasion. The election for the ensuing year was as follows:

Prof. GEORGE E. DAY, *President*.

" A. C. TWINING, *Vice President*.

" B. SILLIMAN, JR., *Cor. Secretary*.

" HUBERT A. NEWTON, *Treasurer*.

" WM. H. PALMER, *Assis. Treasurer*.

" HENRY P. BOYDEN, *Rec. Secretary*.

Commencement of 1864.

Orator—Rev. R. Storrs, D. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Substitute—Hon. Dwight Foster, Worcester, Mass.

Poet—Rev. A. L. Stone, Boston, Mass.

Substitute—Dr. J. G. Holland, Springfield, Mass.

Freshman Initiation.

The night of Friday, the 25th, was duly selected by the "Powers that be," as the night on which the recent accessions to College should be duly initiated into the manifold mysteries of the most ancient and honorable Freshman Fraternities.—And they were. At eve's earliest foot-fall, the reverberations of tuneful tin lutes, and the clatter of sundry Yalensian bangers, as the first feature of the occasion, betokened the many others which were to follow. Soon, fantastic looking duettes of youth, escorting each a sandwiched, docile Freshman, appeared on the streets, and it was not long before the night was made merry by these jovial bands of masqueraders, attending their precious convoys. Some vexatious mistakes occurred concerning the allotment of the "property," notwithstanding the most careful arrangement of tickets, and the most ingenious devices of signals, passwords, etc. The disappointed were, quite justly, somewhat piqued at their misfortunes, but the proposition of rectifying their wrongs by force, was neither a wise nor a feasible one,—especially in the locality where it was premeditated. Otherwise, neither the exercises, nor the spirit of the occasion, were marred in the slightest degree. The hall arrangements were truly admirable, and reflected great honor on the Committee. The picturesqueness of the affair, we thought to be considerably enhanced by the smaller arena than usual which was afforded to the participants. A tribute to the liberality of the Freshmen, on the occasion, is but common justice. They treated like gentlemen, and, so far as we can learn, like gentlemen they were treated. Our first general impressions of the Class are certainly favorable ones. Their name is a good omen, to start with. The reputation of their predecessors, by a decade, is still high in College annals.

The New Boat-House.

For four years and a half we have *got along*, as best we could, with a mere *shelter* for our boats:—open doors invited thieves to carry off oars, swivels, cushions, everything; while the uneven floor scratched and strained the boats themselves. At low tide, we dragged them over gravel stones and oyster shells; at high tide, we waded in the water which nearly floated them in their places. Moreover, the rent was enormous. Such a state of things was naturally and considerably murmured at, and at length, in the fall of '62, initiatory steps were taken toward a re-

formation. A committee, consisting of the Commodore—Geo. L. Curran, Chas. M. Gilman, Samuel Huntington, Hamilton Wallis, and H. S. Manning, was appointed, with instructions to procure plans, and raise the necessary funds for the erection of the building.

This Committee immediately went to work—procured, from the members of the College, subscriptions, to the amount of nearly one thousand dollars—forwarded circulars to the alumni, which elicited about \$160—obtained plans from Mr. Auchincloss, architect, of New York, and then stopped for want of funds.

A subscription among citizens of New Haven was proposed and attempted, but was not at that time carried very far. Next, we began to talk with builders about the cost, that we might know how many more subscriptions were needed. The estimates varied from \$2,500 to \$3,500. We found that the "Townsend City Savings Bank" would lend us the money, if three responsible gentlemen would assume the risk. With but little delay, Mr. Henry C. Kingsley, Prof. B. Silliman, Jr., and Prof. Daniel C. Gilman, consented to fulfill the conditions; and the contract was signed, with Mr. Wm. P. Dickerman, on the 15th of July last.

The original plans were for a building measuring 98 feet by 55, with four Club-rooms, and a large store-room overhead; but, while we had been hesitating, the price of lumber had nearly doubled, and, much to our regret, we decided to build on a smaller scale. By the contract, therefore, we have a building 90 feet by 55, twelve feet between joints, with no Club-rooms, to be placed upon piles, on the flats, just North of the Steamboat storehouse, the place being secured for a small rent.

Upon our return, the first of this term, almost the first question, after greeting was:—"Is the Boat-house done? "Not quite." But on Wednesday, Sept. 30th, we took possession, although the carpenters were still at work, finishing the internal arrangements. These consist of tramways, upon which run trucks, bearing "falls" for raising and lowering the boats through the trap-doors in the floor. For each "shell," we have two large iron hooks, or "cradles," connected by a long timber, in and upon which the boat rests, while in the house and while being lowered to, and hoisted from the water. The barges are lifted by means of simple iron cradles, which are then removed, and the boats allowed to rest on even keel on the floor.

Haste, imperfections of trucks, newness of rigging, and, worst of all, lack of practice, made the first putting-in of the boats a rather difficult affair; but nearly all College was there, and numbers made up for all other deficiencies, so that fifteen boats were, in a short time, safely deposited upon the floor or upon the supports made for the purpose. The imperfections have been remedied, and there remains only the painting—for which we hope the Navy will be sufficiently zealous to furnish the money—and a little mud-digging, to enable us to get out and in at any time of tide.

The total cost was about \$3,400. This was the least amount for which a respectable building could, at the time, be erected. A floating house was at first proposed, but, with many advantages, it combined many disadvantages, not the least of which was the fact, that it would cost two or three thousand dollars more.

The horse Railroad is expected to lay its track as far as the Steamboat-wharf before long, and this, together with the being so near the harbor, will render our conveniences much more extensive.

As the subscription list is still circulating in the city, we may be allowed to express the hope, that the citizens will cheerfully and liberally respond to the call, enabling the Committee to raise the remaining \$400, or \$500.

The triumphal ceremonies of entrance came off on Wednesday, the 30th day of September, and were of an appropriate character. The day was most propitious, and everything seemed to conspire to make it a gala-day in very truth. The aquatic exercises of the celebration consisted of a Shell and Barge race, and a grand parade of the boats of the Navy around the buoy. Every boat belonging to these Clubs was on the water, and every one of the crews which manned them appeared to enjoy themselves hugely. The scene, in its *tout en semble*, was exceedingly pretty, and the occasion was a joyous and memorable one. The boat-house itself presented a lively scene of uproarious jollification. It witnessed, introspectively, a deal of delightful confusion, and it echoed from rafter to rafter a full orchestra of noise. Its stout beams and timbers bravely stood an early and practical test of their staunchness, and its beautiful external proportions and admirable internal arrangements, invited and received the inspection and admiration of its proprietors. It was a pleasureable bit of reverie we had, as we lounged around the building, scanning, with the critical eye of ownership, its every convenience and peculiarity, peering wistfully at the joyous future of comfort and security the boating men of Yale will hereafter enjoy in its occupancy—and then, glancing at that now deserted old shanty, high up on the headwaters of that slimy, sluggish, and sinuous canal we once dignified by the name of *river*, we reflected, exultingly, that only the reminiscences, and not the realities, of stolen oars, obtrusive Hibernians, and that execrable composite of harbor mud and oyster shells were henceforth to afflict us. Verily, the new boat-house is a success—a grand stride in the path of progress.

Editor's Table.

"From Northern rock and Southern valley, from crystal lake and prairie land," we are gathered once more in these grim old dormitories, and beneath those grand old elms. And, however or wherever you have wiled away the joyous hours of vacation; have you talked, laughed and sported with Nature in her native fastnesses, or have your tastes and enjoyments chimed in rather with urban refinement or the delights of home, it matters not. Our Alma Mater is, we doubt not, equally rejoiced to see us all, and through this, her medium of communication with her children, she bids you, one and all, a cheery welcome back.

And now, kind readers, having served you so far on in our bill-of-fare, the best of literary food which "our market affords," let us trundle up our rickety old table and over it have a quiet, cozy chat with one another. Let us unceremoniously,

pitch under it too, for the moment at least, all our nice class distinctions; let us ostracize all foolish reserve and formality, and have a familiar confab about college matters and things to ourselves; until, at least, the printer rudely interrupts our conversation.

Somebody's shoulder has certainly been tugging away at the wheels of progress since our last chat together. "Have you seen the new boat-house?" was an interrogation which struck every new comer only as a poor *load*, got off in default of a better, and as unjustly intimating a lack of industry on the part of the committee, who, we knew, were doing their duty. Accordingly we confessed "we didn't see it," and, in fact, we have not yet ceased rubbing our eyes in bewilderment at the actual fact of its visibility, and to assure ourselves beyond possibility of mistake that it is not, after all, an hallucination. But it is neither "a castle in the air," nor a creation of our hopes; it is an edifice in point of fact, a substantial reality; and beautiful and appropriate it is in itself, besides being an honor to our student enterprise. You and I, my boy, who know what it is taking in the old "Varuna tub" at low tide, six enthusiastic freshmen of us,—but not Herculean,—how like a dream it will be now to see the staunch old craft gliding easily and gracefully into its element merely by the aid of Nature's laws of gravitation; and how we will almost begrudge our freshmen of to-day the perfect ease with which they extricate the enormous structure from the brine by the simple manipulation of scientific apparatus! And you, oh *socié*, of the "first crew" and of training days, how would we miss *now* the crustaceae, and the mile-long, muddy, meandering duct we used so to execrate! Verily, we must have one more pull "with all the modern improvements." And when railroad communication shall have been opened between South College and our sea-side property, what a delightful and salubrious lounging-place our Navalium will be. Exquisite! But we must remember we are not alone in the march of improvement. Another, and a more pretending edifice, is soon to gladden our student vision. We doubt not that exterior beauty will, this time, amply characterize the edifice. Let us presume to hope that internal, and, more exactly, corporeal comfort, will not be entirely disregarded.

But we must expect other themes beside hopeful and congratulatory ones to suggest themselves as we sit cozily around our dear old Table; and one of quite a different nature even now obtrudes upon us. Good fellows all, and kind, it is with no desire of harrowing your sensibilities anew,—nor do we, presuming upon your ignorance, announce, as a matter of information, that JACK, poor dog, *is dead*. It is, that future generation of Yalensians in perusing these files, may witness with gratification that this trusty friend of the universal student race did not depart this life "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." Kind, noble, generous-hearted Jack; it requires volumes rather than paragraphs to treat philosophically, or even adequately of thy somewhat remarkable and certainly estimable qualities. Thou wert, in many particulars, even like unto us. Thy dignity and *nonchalance* of manners were especially noticeable and characteristic. Thy "royal swagger" as thou stroll'st adown the college walk was eminently imitative of the "grave and reverent" band which especially honors these Academic groves. And then, Jack, thy amiability of disposition, thy docility before thy superiors, thy proud self-esteem before thy peers were all indicative of a strong bond of sympathy between thy canine disposition and our universal student character. Surely "Rab and his friends" have found a habitation elsewhere than in the brain of fancy or the leaves of fiction. Here at Yale there

has lived and died a right noble creature; who a brute, had become more than a college pet—a college *friend*. “Strength without insolence, courage without ferocity, and man’s virtues without his vices,” all these our Jack possessed in an eminent degree. “Surely, then, this poor dog”

“Whose honest heart was all his master’s own,

Who worked, fought, lived and breathed for him alone,”

deserves a parting commemorative thought, a passing word of praise. But in recalling his name to your memories, I grieve much that I cannot also consign the name of his assassin to your *tender mercies*. I could wish, indeed, that it was in our power to wreak retributive justice on the cowardly knave to whom Jack primarily owed his tortures and death; but perhaps the sweetest revenge we could possibly conceive of, would be to see the villain himself, firmly, and somewhat painfully *prefixed* to our old friend Jack, and endeavoring, *ad infinitum*, or until we grew compassionate, by wonderful exhibitions of speed up and down the college yard to detach his condign avenger!

I am proud, moreover, in this connection, to state that Jack’s noble character and illustrious deeds have not escaped the discerning notice of the gentler sex. But that it was left for a *lady’s* facile pen and sympathetic heart to weave a fitting chaplet to his fame; and the more appropriate is it, since from the days of earliest chivalry it has been from womanhood that true merit has obtained its highest meed of praise. Listen then to

JACK’S ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS.

“Da bon (e) a amico.”—OVID.

(By a lady.)

When human bards would sing in moving lay,
They ask the Muses to direct their way;
To raise their thoughts, their faltering lips to teach,
To breathe the numbers of poetic speech.
Inspired by them they boldly come to you,
And gain your notice and your favors too;
But I, alas! have no such aid as that,
I hate the *Mew*-ses and whole tribe of cat.
And though I’m much in need of help divine,
The only Nine I know are the ca-nine;
Unaided then my wants I must rehearse,
If not in poetry, at least in *verse*.
Hear me with patience and you will confess,
Though “Man wants little,” I’m content with less;
Since to your College, glorious Mother Yale,
I’ve vowed allegiance from my nose to tail.
In her behalf I’ll bark, nay, even bite,
Though were I *left* to that, t’would not be *right*;
No noisy cats shall break your slumbers light,
I’ll shield you from such “voices of the night.”
I’ll guard your haunts whene’er you have a spree,
And should a *prof’s*-legate approach, I see;
My warning bark shall tell each student’s heart,
That as Paul says, “’twere better to depart.”

I'll be companion, and should liquor fail,
 I'll give my *whine* to aid your stout and ale;
 If on the road you find your ponies flaggin',
 Then come to me, whose tail e'er *keeps* a *waggin*.
 In health, I'll aid you in each jolly lark,
 In sickness, treat you to a course of *bark*;
 But oh 'twere hard when all my labors done,
 That 'mong so many *Bohns* I can't get one.
 That I should wander growing weaker, thinner,
 With no kind hand to furnish me a dinner;
 At sight of mutton oh what pangs I feel,
 And half my woe is caused by want of *meal*.
 Should I by all your "clubs" be left alone,
 And when I ask for bread, receive a stone;
 Like Chillon's Prisoner I could say with tears,
 That "though my hair is white, 'tis not with years."
 For hunger, cold and weariness unite,
 To make me a most "sorry looking wight";
 Then students furnish from your stores of "tin,"
 Some friendly "cut" or e'en a little "skin."
 Lest dying Jack, the honest, faithful, brave
 Leave you to make a *railing* round his grave;
 Lest spirit voices tell you of your sin,
 He was a stranger and you "took him in."
 And lest your dreams mid horrors deep and black,
 Be haunted by the spectre grim of

JACK.

One word now, gentlemen, concerning a subject which was alluded to in a preceeding article of this No., which some of you were, perhaps, magnanimous enough to read. For those who were not, I may state that the custom of awarding the Yale Literary Prize Medal is still, unfortunately for the editors, in existence. The award indeed for the current year is still problematical, and articles sent in for competition are still acceptable. There is, moreover, but a simple fact which was not mentioned at the close of the last number, and one which you will gratify the editors exceedingly by ignoring, viz:—

Should none of the essays be deemed worthy of the prize, the Editors shall have the power to withdraw it.

Well, gentlemen, we, at least, have had a pleasant chat of it around our little old Table, though to be sure we've done most of the talking. You certainly were very patient under our loquacity, although I'm hanged if I don't believe one or two of you got asleep *on the Table*, and now won't confess it.

You're certainly welcome to the article if its worth taking, but mind, don't *examine* or even *criticize* it, for it was'n't made, I assure you, to undergo either of these operations. Take it, get what pleasure you can from it, and if you feel so disposed, drop in again pretty soon and we'll have another "table talk."

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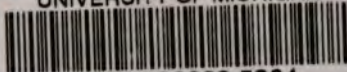
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In the MEMORABILIA YALENSIA it is intended to make a complete record of the current events of College Life, and also to give such historical and statistical facts as may be generally interesting.

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